Whisper the Wolf Spanks Tangle the Lemur
Or
The Tangled Web, and The Whispered Promise
By Yu May

[Illustration by SpringBonnieDreamer1987]

In the quaint, rustic Spiral Hill Village nestled within lush green meadows, the athletic tomboy Tangle the Lemur and the silent sniper Whisper the Wolf stood watch. They were guarding the village after a recent attack from the notorious Dr. Eggman's army of robotic minions, known as badniks. The night was serene, with the moon illuminating the village in a soft glow.

Tangle, as usual, was bored out of her mind. She was pacing back and forth, her tail twitching with impatience. "Ugh, this is so pointless. What could those stupid badniks do now? We already defeated them once," she complained, her voice brimming with frustration.

Whisper, ever the calm and collected one, replied in her soft, hushed tone, "...This is important, Tangle…We need to be vigilant for Spiral Hill's sake..."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever," Tangle replied dismissively, rolling her eyes.

Suddenly, the lemur's ears perked up. She thought she heard something rustling in the bushes nearby. Without a second thought, she dashed off to investigate, ignoring Whisper's whispered plea. “...Tangle? Wait! Be careful!”

As Tangle burst through the bushes, she saw two badniks bumbling around in the clearing on the other side, seemingly lost. A wide grin spread across Tangle's face. "Finally, something to do!" she exclaimed, charging at them with her whip-like tail at the ready.

In a matter of seconds, the two badniks were reduced to scrap metal. "Hah! That was too easy," Tangle laughed, feeling quite pleased with herself.

But as she turned to leave, she failed to notice a third badnik lurking in the foliage behind her. It was a stealthy one, equipped with a powerful laser. The badnik slowly squeezed the trigger.

Just as the beam was about to strike Tangle, a sharp crack rang through the air.

With two precise shots, Whisper's wisp-powered sniper rifle had saved the day. The first shot knocked the aim of the gun off, so that the beam sizzled past Tangle’s back, close enough to singe the fur on her tail. The second shot ripped through the badnik’s eye.

Feeling the heat of the laser blast, Tangle twisted around in a fighting pose, but could only stand there, stunned, as she watched the badnik explode into a million pieces. "Phew, that was close," she said, trying to laugh it off. But her laughter quickly died in her throat when she saw the look on Whisper's face. Her eyes blazing, Whisper raised a hand, and Tangle knew what was coming before it happened.

Whisper slapped Tangle across her left cheek, and although her martial arts instincts were screaming to block it, Tangle flinched and accepted the blow, rather than strike back against Whisper. After a long second, Tangle opened an eye, half expecting to see Whisper winding up to slap her across the other cheek. Instead, she only saw Whisper lowering her trembling hand.

Whisper, tears streaming down her cheeks, could barely speak. "...H-how could you be so careless with your life, Tangle?" she whispered, her voice shaky.

Tangle's heart sank. She had never seen her friend so upset before. Reflexively, Tangle rubbed her stinging left cheek, and found herself wishing Whisper actually *would* slap her again. "Whisper, I… Gosh, I’m so sorry," she said, stumbling over her words. "I didn't mean to worry you."

But Whisper couldn't bear to look at her. She turned and walked away, leaving Tangle to wonder how she would make things right between them again.

…

After reporting the sighting to the Resistance, Tangle and Whisper were relieved from their night watch and a resistance squad was sent to patrol the woods for signs of enemy troops. Later, they concluded that the three badniks were merely stragglers from the Eggman Empire's previous attack force.

Back in the quiet sanctuary of their humble abode, Tangle offered a flood of heartfelt apologies. "Whisper, I'm so sorry for running off like that. I was foolish and reckless." Her eyes were downcast, and her ears drooped in remorse.

Whisper, initially withdrawn, sat in silence as she processed the events of the night. Her eyes glistened with unshed tears, and her expression was a mixture of hurt and concern. After a moment of tense silence, she finally spoke, her voice barely above a whisper. "...Tangle, you ignored protocol and could have been killed…We're supposed to work as a team, remember?" Her tone was gentle yet firm, and she wiped away a tear that had escaped her control.

Tangle nodded, her tail swishing back and forth in agitation. "I know, I know! I let my impulsiveness get the better of me."

Whisper took a deep breath, her hands trembling as she tried to keep her emotions in check. "I can't lose another friend in battle, Tangle. I just…can't..." Her voice cracked, and she turned away from Tangle to look out the window.

Tangle's heart ached as she watched her friend's vulnerability. She reached out to touch Whisper's shoulder. "Whisper, I'm so sorry. I never meant to make you worry like that. You have to believe me."

Whisper looked up, her eyes red-rimmed and her cheeks stained with tears. She offered a small smile, her voice barely audible. "I believe you, Tangle. I'm sorry for losing my temper and slapping you earlier."

Tangle shrugged, trying to lighten the mood with her usual sense of humor. "Eh, it was the least I deserved."

Whisper's eyes narrowed, and she shook her head. "No, you didn't deserve that…I shouldn't have slapped you across the face...I won't do it again…Please forgive me?"

Tangle closed her eyes and pretended to stretch, resting her head against her arms jauntily. "Me? Forgive you? I'm the one who needs forgiveness! Anyway, I got off easy! If my mom were here, she'd give me a good whoopin' with her tail."

Whisper held her head at an angle, perking her ears to make sure she heard right. "...A whoopin'? What is whoopin'?"

Tangle's shit-eating grin vanished as her eyes popped open in surprise. “You know, a whipping? Uh…a spanking? You know what that is right?”

Whisper blinked once. Then a lightbulb seemed to appear over her head. “Oh! You mean corporal punishment!” Whisper placed a thumb on her chin delicately, and seemed to quote from memory: “An act of slapping on the buttocks, as punishment, especially for children?”

Tangle nodded, feeling a strange mix of relief that Whisper actually understood her, combined with a nervous realization that she also seemed to have the dictionary definition memorized. “Yes! Exactly! When I was a kid, I used to get into all sorts of trouble! But if I ever disobeyed Mom or did something dangerous…” Tangle bent over and pantomimed the act of spanking herself. “She’d pop me one! Just like this! Then haul me back home for a long trip across her knee!”

Whisper nodded in agreement, her expression turning more serious. “I see…Your mother sounds like a wise lemur!”

Tangle beamed, landing another resounding slap on her own behind. “She’s the best! I can’t wait for you to meet her.”

Whisper watched Tangle’s demonstration with keen interest. “And do you think your mother was right to…spank you?”

Tangle chuckled, enjoying the attention. “Yup! Oh, back then, I was mad as a Buzz Bomber, but looking back on it now, I never got a spanking I didn’t deserve!”

"You deserve one now, and I think you should get it."

Tangle’s hand froze in mid-air, hovering above her own behind. “Uh, come again?”

Whisper fixed Tangle with a stare that was eerily reminiscent of Mrs. The Lemur. “Your mother used to give you a…whoopin’ for disobedience and putting yourself in needless danger. You say she did the right thing by spanking you. I agree. It is a fair punishment for disregarding protocol and risking your life.”

Tangle gulped, her bravado faltering as she realized that Whisper wasn't joking. “But, Whisper, I was just a kid back then. I’m too old for a spanking now!”

Whisper cocked her head in the other direction, puzzled. “Why should that make a difference? If anything, you deserve a spanking more now that you’re older and should know better.”

Tangle straightened up from her imaginary spanking position, and reflexively covered her bottom, suddenly aware of how vulnerable it always felt when she was facing Mom’s wrath back in the day.

Whisper watched in silence as Tangle covered her bottom nervously. It was clear that Whisper had no intention of grabbing the lemur.

Although Whisper was a talented marksman, Tangle knew she was the superior hand-to-hand fighter. There was no way Whisper could bend Tangle over her knee unwillingly.

As she looked into her quiet friend's eyes, Tangle read the silent expectation in them. Whisper was waiting for Tangle to accept her spanking…willingly.

Tangle hung her head. She felt no different now then she did when she was a little kid, in precisely this same situation. "Please forgive me, Whisper. I promise I'll never do anything like that again…You can spank me if you think it'll help."

Whisper's eyes softened, and she placed a gentle hand on Tangle's shoulder. "I've already forgiven you, Tangle." She paused, her gaze unwavering. "But if I spank you, it's going to be for real. Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

Tangle swallowed hard, her nerves getting the best of her. But she knew that she had to make amends and prove to Whisper that she was truly sorry. "Yes, I'm sure. I'll accept whatever punishment you think I deserve."

Whisper nodded, then pulled a knife from her boot and offered it to Tangle, her expression resolute. "Then go to the forest and cut a bundle of switches. Bring them to the woodshed…I'll meet you there at dawn."

Tangle hesitated for a moment, her mind racing as she imagined the stinging pain that awaited her. But she took a deep breath and accepted the knife that Whisper offered. "I'll do it," she said, her voice wavering slightly.

As Tangle stepped out into the night, her thoughts drifted to the woodshed and the inevitable spanking that awaited her. She couldn't help but wonder if she had truly bitten off more than she could chew.

…

"How many switches are there in a bundle, anyway?" Tangle thought out loud, as she cut another promising branch. She had about thirty, which seemed like too many. Although Whisper had told her to take her time, Tangle knew she was stalling. Dawn would break soon, and she had to make her way to the woodshed. Tangle didn't want to find out if Whisper considered tardiness an error worthy of additional corporal punishment.

Tangle made quick work whittling away leaves and stray twigs from the sturdy sticks. She recalled how Mom had once sent her to this very same wood to cut her own switch. On that

occasion, little Tangle had tried tying her tail to the top of the weather vane to see if she could safely jump off the roof. It turned out that Tangle's tail was more than strong enough to save her life, but her knot tying needed work. It had held just long enough for Mom to come racing over in a panic to catch her.

No sooner had Tangle plopped down safe and sound into Mrs. The Lemur's Arms, then she found herself draped across Mom's lap for a safe and sound spanking. After a round of hand-spanking as a warm up, little Tangle was given her father's knife and sent to cut her very first switch for round two in the woodshed.

So, basically, grown-up Tangle had no trouble preparing a mean-looking bundle of birches, although she'd never tied a bundle before. She pulled athletic tape from her back pocket, and made an attempt as she walked toward the shed. "At least my knot work has gotten better since then." Tangle usually tried to crack jokes to keep herself calm in a fight, but she found it didn't work so well now.

As the sun peeked over the horizon, Tangle wrapped her prehensile tail around the bundle to free her hands, and delivered a crisp slap to both of her own cheeks, as though psyching herself up for a sparring match. "No more dawdling! You can do this, Tangle!"

In her excitement, she burst open the door of the woodshed to make a grand entrance. "All right, Whisper! I'm ready for–" The old doorknob came loose and Tangle almost fumbled it, stumbling forward before looking back up to meet Whisper's steely gaze. "...My whoopin'?"

Whisper silently extended a paw to accept the birch bundle.

Unable to stand the silence, Tangle interjected, "If you want to keep 'em nice and supple, all you have to do is soak 'em in–"

But Tangle faltered as she saw Whisper neatly tuck the birch bundle into a jar of salt-water, which she had apparently prepared herself. "Salt water? Huh, you sure know your stuff! But, it'll take time for 'em to soak! I guess we have time to chat about–"

The squeak of wood against wood interrupted Tangle's train of thought. With wordless precision, Whisper dragged a short, but sturdy, wooden stool from underneath the table.

Suddenly nervous, Tangle continued to run her mouth. "...Chat about…my behavior! We can talk about how sorry I am! Or, we can talk about anything, really! So, what is the deal with Sonic and Amy? Do you think they'll ever get a clue and…um…"

Whisper seated herself down and patted her lap, a wordless order that Tangle immediately understood to mean "Bend over."

Tangle felt her feet shuffling towards Whisper's lap, which seemed to loom large before her. "Oh! Er…or we could start…right now! Uh…don't you want to wait for the switches to soak?"

Whisper seemed unphased by Tangle's chatter. "They'll need about thirty minutes."

Tangle finally shut up as she put two and two together. Of course, before the birching, Whisper would be giving her a hand spanking as a warm-up…for thirty minutes? That was like the length of an entire Saturday morning cartoon!

Whisper raised her right hand in a beckoning gesture to Tangle, while she slapped her lap with her left palm, slightly more insistently. "C'mon, Tangle. I know you're not afraid of a little spanking."

Tangle guffawed, then inhaled sharply, her chest swelling with pride at the compliment. But she was embarrassed to discover her limbs trembling. "Me? Afraid of a little spanking? Never! Why, I'll have you know I can handle a great, big spanking! I'd be disappointed in anything less!"

Whisper answered in a neutral tone. "...I see. Then, I'll try not to disappoint you, Tangle…"

Tangle felt every hair on her body, from the top of her head to the tip of her prehensile tail, stand on end. Whisper was always so deadpan, Tangle was never sure if she was serious or joking.

Wondering whether she had just talked herself into an even harder spanking than she was already going to get, and too embarrassed to admit as much, Tangle silently willed herself forward. As Whisper grasped Tangle gently by the wrist and guided the lemur across her knees, Tangle suddenly felt…safe. It was like a dance: Tangle half tripped, half glided into position. It suddenly occurred to Tangle that Whisper's words might have been not a threat, but a promise.

Tangle felt a gentle tug on her tail, as Whisper pulled it away from Tangle's bottom. Tangle realized with a thrill of humiliation that she had unconsciously been blocking it. Whisper gripped the tail firmly in her left hand, but not so tightly as to hurt Tangle, and raised her right hand silently. Not noticing the hand of chastisement rising above her, Tangle felt oddly comfortable. It was somehow reassuring to be held so securely in place by her own tail, exactly like being a kid again.

Tangle was still musing on how Whisper would make a great mother as she glanced casually over her shoulder, only to see Whisper's arm raised high in the air, followed by a blinding blur.

"Wuh? Wait!"

WHAP!

Back when little Tangle was getting spankings during her wild, misspent youth, she'd grown used to having Mom or Dad deliver a long lecture before, during, and after her punishment. By skipping the usual ceremonies, Whisper had accidentally caught Tangle completely off guard.

Tangle felt her arms and legs buck in surprise, but with her tail held firmly in place, Tangle managed to catch herself, barely avoiding tumbling off Whisper's lap.

As the impact of the first spank rippled through Tangle's leggings, she felt the seriousness of Whisper's words: this spanking would most certainly not disappoint.

Whisper watched Tangle's limbs flail in surprise, and waited to feel Tangle steady herself on top of her lap before landing the second spank with equal strength, tracing a long arc through the air.

Tangle hummed, holding a shout in her throat, still trying to look cool. She remembered the time she'd let Sonic the Hedgehog use her extending tail as an improvised weapon in the middle of a pitched battle. As it had snapped back into place like a rubber band, she had hidden her discomfort behind a grimace and gave her hero the thumbs up. That sensation was not unlike what she was experiencing now.

The surprise of the first two smacks from Whisper's palm had faded, and a burning sensation was replacing it. Tangle was sure that underneath her leggings and fur, two perfect, red handprints had already impressed themselves on each of her butt cheeks.

After making a striking first impression, Whisper fell into a slow, steady pattern of spanks, not quite as hard as the first two, but meant to build a slow burn. Tangle found she could will herself to lie still without squirming and shouting, but that only meant that she had time to consider just how hard Whisper *could* spank her…and sooner or later, *would* spank her.

Whenever the topic of spanking came up, Tangle had always imagined spanking as something she had endured as a little kid, and had overcome. Sure, she'd cried her heart out back then, but that was because she was just a brat, at the mercy of Mommy or Daddy.

But now, big, tough, grown-up Tangle was finding a spanking from Whisper every bit as terrifying as a childhood spanking had ever been. Surely, her parents hadn't spanked her this hard? Not even her Dad! While Mrs. The Lemur had taken the primary role of disciplinarian in the household, Mr. The Lemur was always willing to back his wife up. On one occasion where little Tangle had defiantly, and untruthfully, told Mom her spankings didn't hurt at all, Dad had happily volunteered to take over. On that fateful day, little Tangle learned to be on her best behavior whenever Mom mentioned the phrase "a spanking from daddy!"

Maybe, in retrospect, Mom and Dad were taking it easy on her little behind. Maybe Whisper wasn't quite as strong as her Daddy. But whatever the case, getting spanked by Whisper sure felt like "a spanking from daddy."

Tightening her legs together to keep from kicking, and gripping the handles of the stool to keep her hands from flying to cover her bottom, Tangle's mind scrambled to find something to say, anything, to distract her from the growing discomfort. "Is that all you've got?"

As the ill-chosen words seemed to echo in the shed, Tangle caught sight of Whisper the Wolf narrowing her eyes.

Tangle let go of the legs of the stool and covered her mouth. It had just slipped out!

Normally, Whisper's withdrawn demeanor led people to underestimate her, but Tangle had long known that Whisper was a trained warrior, not someone to be trifled with.

Now, Tangle was keenly aware that Whisper was looking at her with the keen eyes of a wolf, a hunter eyeing its target.

And the target…

SMACK!

…was Tangle's backside!

Tangle felt her back arch, her right leg slipped off Whisper's lap, and she dropped her right hand to catch herself. Tangle would have tumbled straight to the dusty floor, but Whisper managed to catch her, and with only a small grunt of annoyance, hooked her leg across Tangle's right leg, pinning it in place. Tangle suddenly became aware of the asymmetry, her right butt cheek stretched taut, her left butt cheek bunched up.

As Whisper landed two full-strength spanks in quick succession, one to each cheek, Tangle's awareness of her own bottom formed a crystal clear picture in her mind. With her right leg scissored between Whisper's thighs, the spank against Tangle's right cheek almost seemed to bounce and spread across it like electricity. (It only "almost bounced," Tangle realized, because Whisper was determined to follow through against the firm, toned flesh.) In contrast, Tangle's left butt cheek was relaxed, though her free left leg was kicking out straight behind her. When Whisper's second spank landed there, her palm sank into the flesh as though fluffing a pillow.

Realizing that Whisper had returned to her full strength, Tangle's mind started to race. *"This is because I taunted her!"*

Tangle desperately wanted to take back her words, but doing so would mean Tangle would have to admit she wasn't as tough as she pretended to be. As she felt Whisper return to the slow and steady pace, Tangle tried to cover her mouth, this time to keep herself from crying for mercy.

If only Whisper would say something, say anything! A stern rebuke, even cruel mockery would be preferable to awaiting each spank in stony silence. Tangle sensed the tempo of the spanks gradually increasing again, and pressed her left palm firmly against her lips, barely stifling a war cry. As two tears finally formed at the corners of Tangle's eyes, she wondered how angry Whisper must be with her? *"What a stupid, greenhorn mistake to make on patrol!"*

Suddenly, the memory of Whisper's tears came crashing down on Tangle's head. She felt like a bad friend.

From Tangle's perspective, Whisper was inscrutable. A stern, stony icon of divine judgment.

But from Whisper's perspective, Tangle's resilience was astonishing. The wolf reminded herself of her promise to Tangle not to disappoint her with a wimpy spanking. Over the years, Whisper had been told by many people that she was deaf to social cues. Since meeting Tangle, Whisper had finally started to come out of her shell and work as a team player again.

As a sniper, Whisper liked to look at problems rationally: to identify and apply the best strategic solution in any situation. Although Tangle had consented to be spanked, Whisper felt a pang of guilt. This was her idea, after all, and the memory of losing her temper with Tangle still haunted her. Whisper wished it was her bent over Tangle's knee.

But she had promised to spank Tangle properly, and she was determined to follow through, despite her misgivings that she was spanking too hard.

"I don't want her to think I'm just a wimp!" thought both Whisper and Tangle, as Whisper landed a quick spank to each of Tangle's upper thighs.

"So, I'll have to give this my all!" thought both Tangle and Whisper, as Whisper changed up the pattern and placement of the smacks again, quickening the pace from a half-march to a full-march. Tangle dropped her left hand from her mouth to steady herself as best she could.

The silence of the woodshed was broken only by the steady pattern of spanks, which had now reached a quick tempo, like a dance: "1-and-2-and-3-and-4-and…!"

As the pain of the spanking built up, Tangle felt a sudden desire to drop the tough-guy act. She wanted to shout out, "I'm sorry!" but before she could, she felt her left leg lock. Slowly, she felt her calf muscle spasm and tighten. Eyes wide, Tangle squeaked, "It hurts!"

Wanting to be firm with Tangle, Whisper finally broke her silence, delivering crisp smacks without missing a beat. "It's a spanking, Tangle. It's supposed to hurt."

"No! Whoop!!! …My leg–Whoo!" Instinctively, Tangle slapped the floor with the palm of her hand, as though tapping out of a wrestling match. Her hips bucked up and down wildly as she felt the spasms travel up her leg.

Concerned, Whisper stopped the spanking immediately. Tangle felt herself dropping off Whisper's lap and braced herself, only to find herself being lowered to the floor gently. She looked up to find Whisper pulling off her yellow sneakers.

As usual, Tangle's tongue started moving of its own accord anytime she was flustered. "Yeah! Happens all the time. Serves me right for forgetting to stretch before some brisk, spanking exercise! Get it? Ha, ha! …HOWCH!" As she laughed, the cramp flared up.

Whisper planted a gentle pat on the underside of Tangle's upturned behind, before starting to gently massage the tensed calf muscle.. "...Hold still…silly."

Tangle lay back, oddly soothed by the playful smack and the words, but still desperate to keep up appearances. "Silly? Me? Hey! I resemble that remark! Oooh!" Whisper moved the massage past Tangle's calf, stroking along the rest of her leg and thigh. Tangle felt a fresh wave of heat from her bottom and wished Whisper would soothe her there as well.

Whisper flexed Tangle's knee experimentally and gently set the foot back down. "There…try and move it now."

Tangle pumped the leg in a bicycle motion, and immediately tried to hop back up. "No problem! Good as new! WOAH!" She wobbled dangerously as she landed on her shaky left leg and felt Whisper catch her. Tangle was taller than Whisper, but felt strangely reassured as she looked into Whisper's eyes. Maybe, just maybe, she could talk her way out of the birching and…

Whisper's look of motherly concern had been replaced by her steely gaze of maternal authority. "...Silly lemur!"

A sharp clap to Tangle's right buttock from behind interrupted her thoughts, her tail reflexively shooting into the air as though making a salute. Realizing that she had gotten too excited, again, Tangle blushed and rubbed her behind with her prehensile tail. "Well, that was quite a spanking, Whisper? How long have we been at this? An hour? Surely the birches have had time to soak. Or, you know, we could take a break and–"

"Five minutes," Whisper interrupted. She gestured behind her to where her sniper equipment was resting against the wall, always at the ready. The rifle glowed, and a wisp (a sentient ball of energy, and one of Whisper's companions that powered her sniper rifle), flurried into sight. With a chirp of joy, the wisp reshaped its form to resemble an analog clock.

Tangle felt her nose twitch. They weren't even to the halfway-point? No! Worse than that! They weren't even halfway to the halfway-point! Sweating bullets, Tangle felt a button unsnap that held her sportswear in place under her tail. She glanced down to find Whisper gliding her thumbs into either side of Tangle's black leggings, and snatched at the elastic band to hold them up. "Woah! Keep your pants on! …I mean, keep *my* pants on!"

Whisper looked up at Tangle quizzically. “Oh? This is how I always got spanked as a child…Did your parents never pull down your pants?”

Tangle’s mouth twisted into a nervous smile. The answer, of course, was that her parents almost always “spanked in layers,” gradually removing one article of clothing at a time until young tangle was left bare-bottomed for a final round of discipline. Sometimes there was corner-time, mouth soaping, it all depended on the offense. “Let the punishment fit the crime,” was the rule of the Lemur household.

Tangle realized that she had somehow avoided any mention of this relevant detail before now. Lies and half-truths sprang to her mind, but Tangle could never lie to Whisper while she was fixing her with her patented Mom Look. “Well…not all the time! Sometimes I got spanked over my pants or my dress, sometimes I got spanked over my undies, and sometimes I got spanked, well, over my bare butt. It was sort of a last resort when…” Tangle trailed off, knowing precisely where this was going and too embarrassed to admit it.

Whisper finished her sentence for her. “When you did something like lie, disobey, or endanger your life?”

Tangle shrugged her shoulders, but didn’t release her death-grip hold on her pants. “Pretty much!”

Whisper nodded, still wondering what the hold up was. “I see. That sounds like a fair rule, and it sounds like it worked. Thank you for telling me the truth, Tangle. That took guts.”

Tangle felt her heart skip a beat at the compliment. Sometimes, she wondered if Whisper looked down on her for being overly excitable and easily distracted. But Whisper continued speaking slowly, as though delivering a classroom lecture. “In that case, I will spank you over your underpants for now, and when the birches have had time to soak we will finish your punishment with a switching on your bare bottom. ”

Tangle immediately understood. In Whisper’s mind, this was a simple matter of logical deduction. “If A is true, then B is true. If B is true, then C is true. A is true, ergo, C is true.”

Premise A: Whisper must punish Tangle for taking dangerous risks, just like Tangle’s parents used to punish her as a child.

Premise B: Tangle agrees that, as a child, her parents used to spank her on her bare bottom for taking dangerous risks.

Conclusion C: Whisper must spank Tangle on her bare bottom.

Tangle nodded, and with a sigh, adjusted her grip. Together, Tangle and Whisper glided down Tangle's black leggings down past her knees, leaving the lemur bare-legged except for black socks and…Sonic the Hedgehog underpants?

Whisper scrutinized them skeptically. "What are these markings? Did you steal these from Sonic?"

Tangle tensed at the thought of being spanked by Whisper for the crime of stealing Sonic the Hedgehog's underwear, all the more since she was innocent. "No! They're mine! Um, you've never heard of underoos?"

Whisper moved around Tangle to examine the mysterious undergarments. "They make such things? Mine are all white, or black, or gray. Isn't that enough?"

Tangle blushed at the mental-image of Whisper in plain, unadorned lingerie, before shaking her head. "They're…a good luck charm! I've had 'em since Sonic first became a hero."

Whisper cocked her ears playfully. "Ah! A token of admiration? Like my dog tags? Something to remind you of what you're fighting for?"

If it was possible to sink through the floor and fall to the center of the earth from sheer embarrassment, Tangle would have done so by now. As it was, she instinctively put her hands behind her head in a gesture of surrender, just like Mom and Dad had taught her to do when this same scene had played out in childhood.

"...Exactly…something nobody else knows about, but that's always with me…" Tangle mumbled. As she felt her fingers interlaced behind her, Tangle felt a sudden surge of relief. She knew she could trust Whisper never to reveal this secret to anyone.

Whisper nodded, seemingly oblivious to Tangle's internal dilemma. "Well, you've chosen a fine hero! I'm sure he'd be honored!"

As Whisper gently lifted Tangle's foot to pull her leggings off her feet, Tangle felt comforted by the gentle, motherly gesture, yet also irrationally nervous. "Do they have to come all the way off? It's chilly in here!"

Whisper answered in her typical dead-pan fashion as she relieved Tangle of the leggings, "I'll warm you up soon enough. Besides, you don't want to get your legs tangled up, do you?"

Tangle only nodded submissively, before doing a double take, barely containing a fit of laughter. "Wait. 'Tangled'? Was that your idea of a pun?"

Whisper answered with her unshakable poker face, before seating herself back down on the wooden stool. "I'll never tell."

Tangle felt the warmth and closeness of the moment vanish in a heartbeat. Her eyes flicked to the wisp, still in the form of a clock, and realized she had another 15 minutes of uninterrupted spanking to look forward to. She'd just barely endured 5 minutes!

As Whisper patted her left knee, beckoning the condemned Tangle toward the chopping block, Tangle realized that it was now or never. She could keep up the tough-guy act, or she could trust Whisper with the embarrassing truth: she was terrified!

But as Tangle stood obediently before her friend, her Sonic the Hedgehog underoos exposed, Tangle found that it was somehow easier to be vulnerable. "Um…Whisper? Do you think, maybe, you could take it easy on me this time?"

Whisper cocked an eyebrow. "I promised you that if I spanked you, it would be for real. Just like your parents would have done it, remember?"

Tangle felt her lip tremble. "Well, yes, but I don't think my parents ever spanked me quite so hard…not even my dad!"

Whisper answered neutrally. "Really?"

Unable to read any hint of her fate in Whisper's expression, Tangle could only unburden her soul. "Yeah, just that warm up was probably the hardest spanking I ever got in my entire life! I…I don't think I'm tough enough for fifteen minutes of that, plus the birch."

Whisper nodded, and finally, finally cracked a smile. "That's a relief! Thank you for telling me, Tangle. After you asked me how hard I could spank, I was afraid I wasn't spanking you hard enough! Now I know I can hold back a bit. Did I hurt you?"

Tangle considered the stinging sensation that covered her posterior. "Well, it's a spanking! It's supposed to hurt, isn't it?"

Whisper returned to her serious tone. "Yes, but that doesn't mean I want to hurt you. You're my friend! This spanking is supposed to teach you to take your own safety more seriously! I'm spanking you because I don't want you to ever get hurt!"

Once again, Tangle felt herself drawn towards Whisper's lap, as though she belonged there. "Yes…I know that now…Please spank me, Whisper!"

Whisper nodded, then with a quick gesture reached behind Tangle. The lemur thought Whisper was going to plant another warning slap on her behind, but instead, Whisper gently grasped Tangle's tail and pulled it forward, so that it wrapped halfway around Tangle's torso. Not knowing what else to do, Tangle removed her hands from behind her head and grasped her own tail like a security blanket. So primal was her memory of habitually grasping her own tail as a child and

sucking her thumb, Tangle had to stop herself from putting her thumb in her mouth in front of Whisper.

Tangle lowered herself onto Whisper's lap and allowed Whisper to guide her into position. This time, Tangle found herself balancing on Whisper's right knee, Tangle's long track-and-field-star legs dangling to the floor on either side. Dimly, Tangle realized that this was why Whisper had ordered her to remove her leggings.

She lay forward across Whisper's right thigh, nervous that she would lose balance, but Whisper's right arm tucked Tangle firmly in place, waist-against-waist. With her legs spread apart, and her whole weight supported by Whisper, Tangle felt like a baby on her Mama's lap again, completely at the mercy of Whisper.

As she felt her bottom jiggle from three quick pats across her Sonic underoos, Tangle sniffled into her tail. She wanted to cry out an apology, a promise to be good. Instead, she sobbed, "Whisper? I…I love you!"

Whisper raised her left hand. "And I love you, Tangle."

With that, Whisper began Tangle's second round of spanking, not quite as severe as before. Tangle started to weep into her tail almost immediately, more from a sense of relief and gratitude than from the pain, but the heat gradually built until Tangle was kicking her socks and heaving to catch her breath between fresh sobs.

Tangle didn't sass or struggle. She only wanted to be spanked, until the scorching fire in her seat replaced even that singular thought with the reality of *being* spanked. The whole world seemed to fade away, leaving only Tangle's bottom and Whisper's hand in existence, each in its proper place. All was right in the universe.

It seemed to go on forever and ever, but part of Tangle never wanted it to stop. When she heard the sound of a cuckoo clock forming from the corner of the shed, Tangle suddenly snapped back to reality.

Whisper looked to her wisp calmly. "That's thirty minutes. The birches should be ready now. Tangle, can you stand?"

Gradually becoming aware of the rest of her body, Tangle lifted herself up experimentally. She was sure her caboose must be glowing in the dark through her underoos. "It's over already?"

Whisper flashed a wolfish grin as she retrieved the birch bundle, and shook loose the droplets of water. "No, silly lemur, it's only just begun! Now, I need you to…"

Realizing what was next, Whisper cleared her throat. Tangle turned to see Whisper silently gesturing by pointing her finger down forcefully. Tangle raised an eyebrow, mischievously. "What are you trying to say, Whisper?"

Whisper could only blush, and repeat the pointing gesture, mouthing the words but too embarrassed to say them out loud.

"Are you trying to tell me to drop my britches and stick out my bottom?" asked Tangle, bluntly.

Whisper turned to face away, too embarrassed to answer, but managed to nod.

Tangle nodded, mutely. Now that she had accepted her fate, this interruption in her punishment felt surreal. Feeling the heat radiating from her bottom, Tangle knew that Whisper had been taking it easy on her. The breather was over, and Tangle the Lemur had something to prove. Automatically, Tangle started to undress, pulling down the Sonic the Hedgehog underoos, then taking off her sports jacket and black sweatshirt.

Exhaling, Whisper turned ready to find Tangle's bare behind facing her, only to find Tangle stripping nude. Whisper turned to face the wall, beet red, as though Tangle had sent her to stand in the corner like a naughty child.

Although it was common to see male Mobians in a state of undress, female Mobians traditionally wore human-style clothing, both for fashion statements and as a traditional symbol of feminine modesty. Whisper had never seen Tangle in this state before, covered only by her fur. "Tangle, what are you doing?"

Tangle shot a sly grin over her shoulder as she pulled her sports bra up and over her head, and shot back, matter-of-factly. "We agreed the last part of my spanking would be on my bare booty!"

"Yeah, bare butt! Not bare everything!"

Tangle straightened her back, enjoying the rare moment of liberation from clothing. Tying her tail around her waist like a belt, she wondered if this was how the guys felt all the time? "Let the punishment fit the crime! That was always my Dad's philosophy. I made an ass of myself, so now my ass belongs to you! You promised to hold nothing back, so it's only fair I return the favor."

Whisper chanced a look back to find Tangle putting herself into position over the stool, supporting her weight on her elbows and knees, with her buttocks propped into the air. The wolf bit her lip. A moment ago, she'd been in complete control! Why did Tangle have to keep throwing her screwballs? With a wolfish growl, Whisper turned to face this ridiculous display of repentance.

Tangle heard the canine growl and felt a thrill travel up her spine, wondering if she'd overplayed her hand. Tangle experienced a mental image of a wolf sinking its teeth into a helpless lemur's quivering flanks, before the touch of the birch rods snapped her out of such pleasant daydreams.

Whisper growled, "Tangle. If I do this, I'm doing this for real. Last chance. Do you want to stop?"

Tangle felt herself at the crossroads. The choice was hers, but she knew once she surrendered this choice, there would be no take-backsies. One word, and her bottom was safe, but then Tangle remembered Whisper's tears of worry. "...No, spank me until I can't sit down for a week, and don't you dare go easy on me."

Whisper lowered her head curtly, a single motion of acknowledgement. "Tangle, I never want to see you galavanting off on your own in the field again. We have protocols for a reason. If there's an emergency, do what you have to do, but if I so much as hear of you crossing the street without looking both ways, I'm hauling you right back to the woodshed. And if that doesn't work, I'll spank you day and night, night and day. Is that clear?"

Tangle instinctually answered like a private in boot camp. "Yes, ma'am!"

But, as usual, Tangle couldn't control her habit of joking in the face of her fear. She remembered something her dad had once told her when she was being particularly stubborn. "If I don't learn my lesson at one end, I'll learn it at the other end, ma'am!"

Tangle cringed when she heard the words escape from her mouth. Was she stupid? But to her surprise, Tangle heard laughter. She felt her throat. No…it wasn't her? Looking back over her shoulder, Tangle saw Whisper, doubled up with fits of giggles.

Whisper wiped away tears of mirth, her scary drill sergeant act forgotten. "Oh my! That's a pun! I like that one! Yes! 'Learn it at the other end!' Your 'rear end,' that is! Pffft!!"

Tangle didn't think the pun was all that clever, but she couldn't help but giggle at Whisper's reaction. Over the sound of her own laughter, Tangle could barely make out Whisper gasping for breath and announcing, "Okay! Phew! No more delays!"

Just as Tangle let out a guffaw, she felt three light taps of the birch bundle, and then…

WHACK!

Thirty thick switches made their impact against her bottom. Tangle's mind scrambled. "SHOOT! We're starting?" Jolting her head up, she looked back to make sure that this wasn't just a warning tap before more discussion, only to see Whisper, barely able to see through her watery eyes, winding up the next blow. "Nope! We've started!" thought Tangle, gripping the legs of the stool to brace for impact.

At the second impact of the birches, Tangle realized that the hardest of the warm-up spanks had been a mere prelude. The birch bundle easily covered most of the surface area of her buttocks, and the bark of the sticks felt like sandpaper against her already sensitive skin.

Tangle desperately wanted to cry out for a break, but furiously fought down the idea. She'd bucked and squirmed like a brat during her first spanking. She'd lay demurely like a guilty child during her second spanking. Tangle was determined to take her third and final spanking like a woman.

After the third lick of the birch bundle, Tangle consciously realized that it would be a matter of sheer willpower not to jump out of position and flee screeching to the corner covering her bottom. Holding back tears was out of the question, as they were already spilling down her cheeks freely.

…

She remembered once, when Dad had finished spanking her for sassing Mom, and she hadn't shed a single tear. Rubbing her bottom, little Tangle looked up at Dad curiously. "Aren't you going to spank me 'til I cry, Daddy?"

"Are you sorry for what you said to your Mother?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Then there's no need, Tangle. It's not a bad thing to take your spanking without crying. 'Let the punishment fit the crime.' You've paid the penalty. I know you feel sorry. Now go and tell your mother so."

…

"It's not a sin to take your spanking well!" hissed Tangle to herself as the birches struck against her sit spots at a low angle, practically lifting her up off the stool. After six blows, Tangle felt her head lowering toward the ground, gravity overcoming her exhausted muscles. She buried her face in her forearms with shuddering sobs, squeezing her fists to keep her hands from flying to cover her bottom.

After twelve strokes, Tangle felt her feet writhing and twisting across one another, desperately wanting to kick up against the oncoming birches, but Tangle held her feet in place as a thirteenth lash landed across her thighs. With one final, futile little kick, her feet plopped back to the ground, one black sock dangling off by a toe.

By the 18th blow, Tangle concentrated on holding onto the stool beneath her, like an anchor. She felt her legs press into it until the textured wood of the stool impressed into the skin of her thighs and palms.

Finally, at the touch of the 24th lash, her death grip on the stool relaxed, and Tangle felt her whole body sink. It was no longer a matter of will power. She was too exhausted to resist even if she wanted to. She just wanted to lay there and cry, but her eyes were so dry and puffy, she couldn't even do that. Once again, the sense of peace and trust overwhelmed her. Tangle knew that Whisper would suit the punishment to fit the crime. She accepted her fate.

Seeing that Tangle was at her limit, Whisper delivered the 30th spank. Of the original 30 birches, about 20 remained intact.

Whisper had originally planned to deliver 40 lashes, but at the sight of Tangle's exhausted form, pity overwhelmed Whisper. Underneath the white fur covering Tangle's bottom, red welts criss-crossed over every inch of the lemur's buttocks and thighs, glowing warmly through the fur. Poor Tangle had learned her lesson. There was no need to prolong her torture. Whisper placed what she hoped was a reassuring hand on the small of Tangle's lower back, but felt Tangle flinch at her touch. "Tangle…there, there, silly lemur. Your punishment is over…"

As Tangle attempted to stumble back onto her own feet, Whisper deposited the remaining birches in the salt water jar, in case they were ever needed again. "I'll make breakfast, Tangle…I'm sorry I had to spank–"

Whisper was silenced as the Lemur pulled her into a bear hug. Whisper found her face pressed gently into her friend's breast, covered with downy fur like a pillow. "...M'sowwy, Whisper…So, so sorry!" Tangle whimpered.

Unsure what to do with her hands, and painfully aware of her friend's nude form pressed against her, Whisper returned the embrace and accidentally brushed Tangle's bottom. A shiver traveled up Tangle's spine and Whisper pulled her hands away. "Sorry, Tangle!"

Whisper felt Tangle's breath against her neck as she muttered, "No, s'okay, Whisper…Don't stop, it's…soothing actually."

…

Whisper served a breakfast of scrambled eggs and toast at the kitchen table, and sat down for breakfast with Tangle.

In Tangle's case, she only sat down for breakfast figuratively, not literally.

A few flecks of scrambled egg flew from Tangle's mouth as she continued to wolf down a second helping. "Myoo new, Mwispah'? Yoo cood mee aw'pwofeshunnal spankuh'!"

Whisper took a dainty bite of her own breakfast. "Don't talk with your mouth full, Tangle. I can't understand a word you say."

“Thowwy!” Tangle gulped her mouthful and slammed her fist into her chest to force it down. Then she carefully dabbed at her mouth with a napkin, all ladylike. “You know, Whisper? You could be a professional spanker!”

“I doubt there’s much market demand for that.”

“But how’d you get so good at it?”

“I try to do everything as carefully and precisely as possible. I just spanked you the way I was punished as a child.”

“So, wait? You’ve never done it before? You’re a natural!”

Whisper looked at Tangle with her infamous blank expression, and spoke in a voice that could have been sarcasm if it wasn’t utterly devoid of any vocal hint of it. “...Thank you, Tangle. Your encouragement means a lot to me.”

“You’re welcome!” beamed Tangle, utterly oblivious to the existence of sarcasm, and therefore utterly oblivious to the utter absence of sarcasm in her friend’s words.

“...Well, you took your spanking very bravely. I could say you’re a natural, too.”

Tangle waved a hand. “Oh, there’s no comparison. That’s from years of practice, not natural talent!”

Whisper bowed her head. “...Well, maybe I need some practice too.”

“At spanking me? Not if I can help it! I’m going to be on my best behavior from now on, if only for my fanny’s sake!”

“...No, Tangle. The other way round.”

Tangle knit her brow as she performed the necessary calculations. “Oh! You’re worried you can’t take a spanking? Well, there’s not much to it. Your job is basically to lie there and take your licks without moving. Though I guess that’s easier said than done?”

“You know, Tangle, if I’m allowed to spank you, it’s only fair that you’re allowed to spank me, if I deserve it,” said Whisper, in her “cold, hard logic” mode.

“Well, sure! But when are you ever gonna’ need a spanking? What have you ever done wrong?”

“...I lost my temper and slapped you across the cheek, remember?”

Amused, Tangle puffed her cheeks and blew a silent whistle. “After what you did to my bottom? That was nothing! That’s what you’re sorry for?”

“It’s different, Tangle. We both agreed you deserved the spanking. It was fair. The slap wasn’t fair to you. I still feel guilty.”

Tangle remembered something her dad once told her. “Well, you’re sorry. And you’ll try your best to never do it again?”

“I won’t *try* to never do it again. I will *never* do it again.”

Tangle beamed. “Well, I forgive you! So there! Problem solved!”

Whisper sighed. She really, really didn’t want to say what she was thinking out loud. But Tangle wasn’t getting the hint. “Tangle, I want you to spank me as punishment for slapping you. What’s fair is fair.”

Tangle nodded absent-mindedly, then did a double take, nearly choking on her eggs again. “Kaff! Me? Spank you? But…I’ve never…I don’t want to hurt you, Whisper!”

Whisper nodded, pleased. “That’s exactly how I felt about spanking you! See? You’re already a natural, Tangle.”

Tangle scrutinized Whisper, wondering if this might be a joke. Then she nodded. “Okay, Whisper. I guess it’s my turn…Uh, can we wait until later? I don’t think I’m quite ready to sit down yet.”

“Sure, you can spank me before bedtime.”

Tangle spat out her orange juice. “Bedtime? Sure! I’ll just…come along and find you before we go to bed…before *you* go to bed! And *I* go to bed. In separate beds. Like my parents would want! This is their house, after all”

Whisper cracked a slight smile, enjoying Tangle’s accidental slapstick performance. “Of course, Tangle! I don’t want to disrespect your parents’ rules!”

Relieved, Tangle wiped the orange juice from her whiskers. “Yeah! I haven’t gotten a spanking from Mom or Dad in years, but who knows! Better not test my luck, right? …So, I guess that’s how your parents used to spank you when you were little?”

“No. That’s just how I want you to spank me, Tangle.”

Unsure what else to do, Tangle started to chug her orange juice and gave Whisper a thumbs up.

Whisper put a finger to her chin thoughtfully. “Though, now that you mention it, when I was a little wolf cub, Mom and Dad would always spank me on my bare bottom…no exceptions!”

Tangle spat out her orange juice again.

The End.